

H Y M N
TO
THE DRYADS

INSCRIBED TO

DR. TURTON

INTEREA DRYADUM SYLVAS, SALTUSQUE SEQUAMUR.—
ET VOS AGRESTUM PRÆSENTIA NUMINA FAUNI;
FERTE SIMUL FAUNIQUE PEDEM, DRYADESQUE PUELLÆ;
MUNERA VESTRA CANO. ————— VIRG. GEORG.

LONDON

M.DCC.XCVI.

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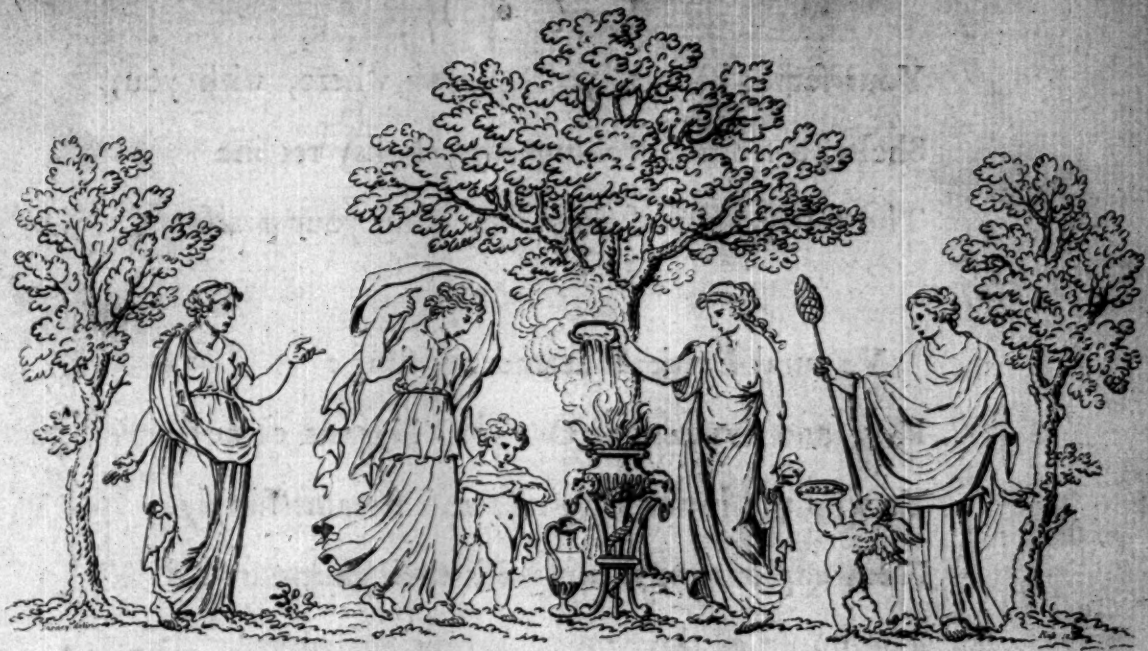
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ARGUMENT

THE Dryads, Nymphs who were supposed to preside over the Woods, are addressed at Noon: the Season, the Summer Solstice. The other rural Deities also invoked. The Origin and Nature of the Dryads described according to the old Philosophy; which taught the Doctrine of tutelar Spirits presiding over, and directing the heavenly Bodies, and the Elements, &c. Their respective Offices enumerated; and the several Tasks allotted the Dryads described. Their Influence on Health, in the Effects of Vegetation, and Plants, on Air: which, according to the Experiments of modern Philosophy, correct its noxious Quality, thereby rendering it salutary, and fit for Animal Respiration. Medical Virtues of Trees and Plants described. Fruits no less conspire to Pleasure than to Health. The Dryads supposed to be present at the Judgment of Paris. This described. Supposed also to be present at the Rites and Ceremonies of the ancient Druids. Transition to the Description of the Golden Age. This compared with the present. The Dryads are next considered as enabling Britannia to support her Navy, and pursue Commerce over the whole World. Their Influence also on Arts and Sciences; especially those of Architecture, Painting, and Poetry. The Retreats of the Dryads favourable to Contemplation and Philosophy. This illustrated by the Grove of Academus, where Plato taught. That sublime, divine Philosopher, and others of his School, addressed. The Whole concludes with an Apostrophe to Wisdom.



HYMN TO THE DRYADS.

NOW, while with fervid wheels, in radiant course
Through the ethereal plains which CANCER rules,
HYPERION drives his elemental car,
And from Noon's summit with broad eye beholds
Alike the orient, and the setting wave ;
While his meridian fierce-shot beams to shun,
The herds to streams, and flocks to shade retire ;
Lead me to some umbrageous, cool retreat,

B

Your

Your secret haunts, ye DRYADS! where, with you,
 Shelter'd from scorching rays, I may recline
 The sultry hour of noon, and sing your praise.

Ye rural Deities! attend my song:
 PAN, and SYLVANUS, OREADS, NAIADS come!
 Ye who the murm'ring rills and streams supply
 From copious urns, and with their murmurs aid
 The music of the groves, propitious come!
 Leave for a while your favourite retreat,
 BÆOTIAN HELICON, where, fam'd of old,
 LIBETHRA, nymph divine, in secret cave
 Inhabited seclude: and the fair mount,
 Attic Hymettus; where the pendant swarm
 Hang in full cluster round the regent-bee:
 And DRYADS! deign the theme, I sing of you.
 The song once ended, you may then retire
 Into your grotto'd cells; from mortal eye
 Securely may withdraw, your secret works
 By Heav'n allotted, duly may perform.

TURTON!

TURTON ! accept the lay, thy tribute due;
 For thou dost woo the Sylvan deities,
 Invite them to thy seat, and careful spread
 The daisy'd-carpet for their tender feet ;
 And raise the roof-umbrageous for repose.
 The rural task delights thine active mind :
 And rural pleasures relish'd speak the man.
 Albe't thou'rt us'd to Courts, where oft thou hear'st
 Pert Folly's repartee, by some thought wit ;
 And see'st Deceit's quaint visage dress'd in smiles :
 False Manners rob'd in tiffue-veil, too thin
 To hide Hypocrisy's deformity :
 Thy taste, still unpolluted, and sincere,
 Hath not yet lost, or can it ever lose,
 Its first form'd relish for Athenian lore,
 Form'd in thy green of youth, when on the banks
 Of Isis, silver stream, by Science led,
 Delighted thou didst rove : enchanted there
 With Sages held high converse, and with Bards ;
 Sages and Bards, the pride of Greece and Rome.

There

There didst thou hear the strings of MARO's lyre,
 Strung by Apollo's self, of heavenly strain:
 And oft the loftier harp of ancient fame,
 Which the great Master, with a bolder hand,
 With air sublime majestically swept.
 There too, with other bards, thou oft didst hear
 Delighted, FLACCUS strike his various lyre:
 While, summon'd by his song, each smiling Muse,
 With unzon'd Graces, danced to his strains.

What tho' my Doric reed in humbler notes
 Solicit thine attention, nor presumes
 To rival strains like theirs; perchance the lay,
 While I the sacred DRYADS praise rehearse,
 Artless, and unadorn'd, may catch thine ear;
 And please, altho' devoid of attic fire.

Whence? And what are ye? Essences divine!
 Who, as 'tis said of old, with easy step
 Can walk the secret chambers of the earth;

Adjust

Adjust the rooted fibres of each tree,
 And bend the stubborn monarch of the woods
 Obedient to your will ; and make the grove,
 As in DODONA, dedicate to JOVE,
 Vocal with sacred oracle, and song.

He, PANOMPHÆUS call'd, supreme o'er all,
 Owns you his daughters 'midst the various tribes
 Of spirits ministrant upon his will.
 To some he gives to turn the crystal spheres,
 That form celestial harmony ; and please
 The ears of the immortals. Others dwell
 In the fix'd stars, which sparkle with their light.
 Others, on comets, golden links that bind
 System to system, in their fiery car,
 Triumphant ride, and bend them to their will.
 Their will supreme obsequious they obey :
 Slacken their rapid course, and wheel around
 The distant goal, and measure back their race.
 Others, the milder task, soft Phœbe's lamp

Careful to turn, and catch her brother's ray,
 Cheerful perform; and course a double round:
 Not errant, but exact, as Jove ordains.
 One virtue, of superior nature, plac'd,
 Not only his vicegerent, but like him,
 Great lord of all---imparting life to all,
 Dwells regent in the sun. This essence pure
 Dwells unconfumable: there stately fits
 On the fix'd throne of elemental fire.
 Quick spirits of inferior birth direct
 The other elements: with flightless wing
 Winnow the air; and purge from noxious dews
 The vital æther; or direct the winds,
 When from their cave Æolian forth they come,
 Rushing impetuous on a trembling world.

To gentler pow'rs a milder task is giv'n:
 To pour the streams translucent thro' the earth
 In secret channels; and to guide each rill

In winding course, till in more copious streams
The swelling river flows to bless the earth.

To you, ye DRYADS! Jove commits a work
Various indeed, but useful: He commends
Unto your pious care his tree devote,
With all the stately ornaments that wave
Their heads majestic; from the cedar tall,
Rising on SYRIAN LIBANUS, with pride
To kiss the nether sky, to trees that nod
On MACEDONIAN ATHOS; whose broad front
Surveys the SEA ÆGEAN, and lets fall
Its distant shadow on the LEMNIAN ISLE:
Around whose foot th' invader XERXES drew
A trench which courted NEPTUNE to his aid.

Sometimes, ye DRYADS! you delight to sport
On the cloud-piercing APENNINES, which stretch
From ARIMINIUM to LIGURIA'S shore:
Or on CERAUNIA, whose exalted head

Oft

Oft wrapt in clouds, and thunder, separates
 The Adriatic from th' Ionian sea.
 From hence descending to the citron groves
 Of pleasant LUSITANIA, you delight
 To rear her fruits delicious. Thence you speed
 To fields of CALATRAVA, at the source
 Of winding GUADIANA, which divides
 ESTREMADURA from ALGARVE's realm.
 Ofttimes in soft PARTHENOPE you stray
 'Midst blooming myrtles; or where ANIO's wave,
 Precipitately rushing, pours along:
 Or in VALDARNO, and the sweet recess,
 Where the enamour'd bard enraptur'd lay
 Lost to the world, and sung his LAURA's praise.
 Deck'd with your gifts, thro' all these fruitful realms,
 Well pleas'd your task, ye DRYADS! you pursue.
 Whether to nurse the tender plant with care,
 Protect the parent stock, and fix its roots
 Secure against the thund'ring arm of Jove,
 Or blasts of BOREAS; while the tender plants
 You

You kindly shelter from the baneful dews
Which nightly fall when scorching SIRIUS holds
His pestilential empire in the sky.

Ye verdant nymphs! upon your steps attend
PALES the rural queen: by your kind aid
Her pastures smile and flourish; and the flocks,
Refresh'd with her sweet herbage, bleat your praise.
FLORA from your pure hands the fragrance takes,
Which on perfumed wings dispenses round
Ten thousand odours, which embalm the air.
ZEPHYRUS and FAVONIUS on you wait:
And from each leaf of blooming shrub, or flower,
Catch the soft fumes of health which gently rise,
Made by your strainers pure: for sages say,
You teach their opening vessels to inhale
The steams pernicious; and with mystic art,
Of more than mortal alchymy, transform
The putrid air to salutary breath.
For this HYGEIA thanks you; and repays

D

Your

Your vital blessings with her roseate smiles.
 For other gifts too, thanks you : well she knows
 What potency her healing art derives
 From those mysterious virtues, charg'd with which,
 Each branching tree, each blooming shrub, each flow'r
 Redundant, overflows ; and richly fills
 Her sacred phial with restoratives.
 Some brace the flacken'd nerve : some to the heart
 Cordial relief afford, and cheer the mind.
 Some sick'ning phanfy ease ; while others quench
 The fever's mad'ning rage : and some can soothe
 E'en the sad breast of fix-ey'd Melancholy.
 The medicinal gums, and healing balms,
 Pres'd by your hands, ye DRYADS ! tho' unseen,
 Into her sacred Patera, with joy,
 HYGEIA thankful catches ; and preserves
 The precious drops with more than vestal care.

Nor thank you these alone, ye bounteous nymphs !
 EUPHROSYNE the fair, the maid of JOVE,

Brings

Brings you her tribute. Pleasure be she call'd,
 Sister of jocund Health of blooming charms.
 The Grace hath oft delighted pluck'd your fruit,
 Rich with the precious moisture which your hands,
 With art mysterious, thro' the sightless tubes,
 Hath made within their frame delicious flow.
 With them POMONA joins, and blushing smiles:
 Smiles with the kindred flush which on the cheek
 Of her own fruit at rip'ning Autumn glows:
 Her fruit so fam'd of old, and beauty's prize,
 When on fair IDA's mount, celestial seat,
 The rival goddesses the contest held.
 You nymphs were there; with MAIA's son were there,
 When from her form divine each goddess threw
 Her heav'nly tissu'd robe; and full to sight
 Display'd the various beauties of her frame.
 You smiling saw to APHRODITE giv'n
 The prize of beauty. Saw the Dame of JOVE,
 And azure-eyed PALLAS turn aside
 With look indignant on the Cyprian queen,

When,

When, to her hand prefer'd, young PARIS gave
The fatal apple, cause of endless strife.

Less pleasing scenes, ye DRYADS! you, of old,
Were wont to see on MONA, where your priests,
The ancient DRUIDS, convers'd with the stars,
And 'midst your sacred groves did celebrate
Those rites, like those of ELEUSIS, from whence
The vulgar foot was order'd to withdraw.
With knife appropriate, from your honour'd tree
They cut the sacred mistletoe, and danc'd
In sober measure round. You view'd these rites;
And bow'd your oak-crown'd heads in homage meted.
But when you saw the human victim fall;
The conscious altars tremble; and, above
Heard the dread thunder roll, and glanc'd the glare
Of sudden light'ning darting thro' the grove;
Affrighted ye withdrew: astonish'd more
At these abhorred rites, than when you heard
The riotous uproar, and unruly rout

Of

Of those, who with LYCEAN BACCHUS rag'd
 Inebriate o'er the purple-fields of THRACE;
 Dancing with mirth obscene to Phrygian pipes,
 And the shrill-sounding cymbal: while aloft,
 In frantic mood their Thyrsuses they wav'd,
 And bade defiance to their distant foes.
 O! may no more such orgies as these
 Disturb your peaceful seats, or sweet repose;
 Nor rites like these pollute your sacred groves:
 But may that age return, when Heav'n look'd down
 On earth with eye propitious; and when earth,
 As yet unstain'd with blood, smil'd all in peace.
 Such time as sage Antiquity records,
 When on its golden hinges turn'd the year.

Forgive, ye DRYADS! if the Muse suspend
 Her promis'd theme, one moment, to review
 This pleasing picture.---Paradise was yours:
 You saw, and tasted that primæval bliss,
 Of which thus Sages spake, and Poets sang:

" Ere bright *ASTRÆA*, driven from the earth,
 " Shone in the figur'd zone that belts the heav'n;
 " And Justice held her even scales; the age
 " Pure, simple, chaste, and unadulterate,
 " *TITHEIA*'s son with mildest sceptre rul'd.
 " Then shone the heavens serene; and Nature's face,
 " Unruff'd, wore perpetual smiles of joy.
 " And *AMALTHEA*, from her copious horn,
 " Into the lap of earth spontaneous pour'd
 " Her lib'ral gifts; her peaceful breast as yet
 " Untortur'd by the share; or Av'rice had
 " Prob'd her deep entrails for pernicious gold.
 " Clear was the stormless sky, for tempests slept:
 " No uproar, no confusion---all was peace.
 " The wolf, then mild in nature, pure from blood,
 " Sought the same fountain, lipt the self-same spring,
 " As did the harmless inmate of the fold:
 " And the kid gambol'd near the leopard's den.
 " The brindl'd lion then, his bloodless jaws
 " Submitting to the bonds of silken chains,

" Was

“ Was by the infant led in frolic play.
“ Thro’ flow’ry meads, and brakes, th’ innoxious snake,
“ Unfear’d as yet, his glossy skin display’d
“ In wanton wreathing ; or, in spiral rest
“ Lay basking in the sun’s meridian ray.
“ The tepid zephyrs o’er the blooming mead
“ Disporting flew : flew, and perfum’d their wings
“ With breathing odours CHLORIS scatter’d round.
“ With milk the rivers flow’d : and, from the oak,
“ Its roscid sweets the honey did distil.
“ And the soft clouds, with heav’nly manna fraught,
“ Dissolv’d in dews nectarious on the earth.
“ Then, breathing round sweet airs of melody,
“ For all was then in harmony, the lyre
“ Suspended on the bending branch of willow,
“ Or blooming myrtle twig, or olive bough,
“ Spontaneous yielded notes of dulcet sound ;
“ Æolian sounds, nature’s own minstrelsy.
“ Then too, they say, Apollo’s sacred tree,
“ Instinct with verse, and song, in strains sublime,

“ As

" As were his oracles, divinely sung :
 " And ev'ry stream, as by CASTALIA's self
 " Made vocal, join'd the universal choir :
 " While sportive Echo thro' the fields, and groves,
 " Prolong'd the notes, redoubling the song."

But since ASTRÆA took her flight to heav'n,
 Lawless ambition, and tyrannic sway,
 The lust of pow'r, and gold usurp her place.
 And you, ye DRYADS! in your calm retreats
 Hear sounds at which you tremble. The dire ax
 Echos thro' all your groves. Your stately oaks
 Fall at its impious stroke : your honours fall.
 Mad war, and rapine desolate your realms,
 Disturbing your repose ; affronting Heav'n.

Not that you always shudder'd at the stroke
 Of the fell ax ; for you have willing seen,
 And willingly allow'd, the pines to yield,
 And stately oaks in homage lowly bend,

E'en

E'en to the god of war, when justice call'd;
 And sacrifice to ELEUTHEREAN Jove,
 As that of Greece, on Freedom's altar smok'd.
 For this you oft have seen BRITANNIA'S sons
 Sever your stately oaks, and tow'ring pines;
 And from the mountain launch into the sea
 The well-compacted bark, while NEPTUNE smil'd:
 Who proudly on his bosom bore its weight,
 And saw it deal her thunder round the world,
 To awe contending nations into peace.
 And this you saw exulting, and with pride,
 What time IBERIA forg'd the servile chains
 For ALBION'S free-born sons, and, fraught with hell,
 Her proud ARMADA on the billows rode
 Threat'ning destruction. Then, no PALLAS shook
 Her formidable ÆGIS on our prows:
 No maiden GODDESS, but a maiden QUEEN,
 Summon'd to arms, and grasp'd the hostile spear.
 Then, clad in panoply divine, to Heav'n
 Her pray'r she rais'd:---And Heav'n propitious heard.

At its own breath confounded, diverse flew
 Th' embattled hellish host: and with them flew
 Mad Superstition biting her own chains:
 While fell Despair pursu'd her till she reach'd
 Her native shores, and sunk into her cave.

Oft-times before BRITANNIA'S pride you've seen,
 Ye sacred DRYADS! MAÏA'S feather'd son,
 Pointing to distant realms, where Commerce lay
 Rich in her various stores, propitious fly:
 And you beheld this tutelary God
 Smile at th' expanded sail; which, like the wing
 Of LEDA'S am'rous bird, spread all abroad,
 Flew after richer spoil than that which once
 Tempted the ARGONAUTS.---No golden fleece,
 But the rich tribute ev'ry clime can boast:
 All INDIA'S, all GOLCONDA'S gems, and gold;
 ARABIA'S spices; PERSIA'S richest robes;
 Whate'er can ornament, delight, and please,

Refine

Refine the manners, or embellish life,
 BRITANNIA makes her own: Her's, all the world.

Arts, Liberty's fair offspring, who, at first,
 Were born in ancient Greece, and then from Rome
 Flew with her eagles o'er the conquer'd world,
 With heav'n-born Science, spreading light abroad
 In splendid lumination, and at last,
 Finding in Albion soft repose, and rest,
 Solicit your assistance, Nymphs! By you
 The Artist taught, first plans his great design:
 And, from your various works, completes his own.
 Thus from the fallen tree from which the ax
 Had sever'd the rude branches, and round which
 Th' Acanthus casual twin'd his wreath, arose
 The Capital Corinthian. With delight
 The ravish'd artist saw it, and transfer'd
 This ornament to grace the pillar's height.
 Thus too, of old, as musing thro' your groves,
 The feat of meditation, when he view'd

Their

Their branches trees on either side extend,
 And forming over head a stately arch;
 He drew the solemn aisle; his columns rais'd
 With similar projection: branch'd aloft,
 The roof rose intersected; and appear'd,
 The stone-wrought avenue, the Gothic pile.

Nor do your beauties, DRYADS, only aid
 The Artist in his structure; but from you,
 The Painter, and the Poet too derive
 Grandeur, and grace, to ornament their scenes;
 And decorate with imag'ry their page.
 What were the living landscape unadorn'd,
 Undignify'd by woods that tow'ring rise
 Majestic, solemn, on the mountain's brow?
 Or on the margin of the flowing stream?
 And up the gradual rising of the hill?
 These, the great robes of nature, mimic art,
 Various as are their complicated charms,
 Their forms, their colours, which to count were vain,
 Impresses

Impresses on his canvas ; there they shine
 As in a mirror, lessen'd in their size ;
 But on the tablet, at one view appear
 Beauties united, widely else diffus'd,
 And by their union form one pleasing whole.
 Thus CLAUDE united majesty, and ease,
 The grand, and beautiful, with matchless art.
 Warm glow his tinted skies with Heav'n's own fire :
 Smooth stands the wide expanse, or waters fall
 Precipitately down, as Nature's hand
 The lake had spread, or pour'd the quick cascade.
 His woods rise graceful, or they seem to wave,
 As calm the sky, or gently blows the gale.
 So learned POUSSIN, various in his scenes,
 To nature ever true, and rich in thought,
 Saw, with keen eye, your beauties, DRYADS ! saw,
 And faithfully preserv'd them in his scenes.
 Sedate SALVATOR, by his genius led
 To contemplate the grand, and the sublime,
 View'd nature in disorder, not in smiles.
 Her wild works pleas'd him : On the mountain's brow,

Calmly he sat, and view'd her when in storms,
 Her features frowning; and her stately robes
 Seem on his canvas shaken by the winds.

Aided by you, ye DRYADS! Poets catch
 The spark divine that kindling genius fires.
 Your woods live in their song; your garlands bloom.
 By fancy led to your umbrageous walks,
 How your majestic beauties strike the eye
 Of the enraptur'd Bard! He seems to tread
 On consecrated ground; and, in your fane,
 He sees, or seems to see, bright visions rise,
 Celestial forms appear. With rapture fir'd,
 He hails the sacred Genius of the groves:
 Gives all his soul to transport, while above
 The Heav'ns shine clearer, earth new charms assumes,
 And EDEN blooms afresh, tho' curst the ground.

Thus the great master, polish'd MARO, felt;
 And thus inspir'd, he sung in matchless strains.

In

In soft PARTHENOPE's enchanting groves
 In studious ease reclin'd, ere yet his muse
 On bolder pinions took her epic flight,
 Charm'd with your haunts, ye DRYADS, he his pipe
 Tun'd to Aonian measures, while beneath
 The beachen-shade with TITYRUS he lay.
 Him did th' irriguous stream, and murm'ring brook
 Wat'ring the fertile plains, inglorious, please;
 Nor thought the rural task beneath his muse:
 To teach the tillage of the pregnant earth;
 To train the vine luxuriant, and conduct
 Its tender branches; and the olive rear;
 While he himself the Idumæan palm
 Transplanted to his MANTUA in his strains.
 Strains which shall last, and admiration raise,
 As long, O DRYADS! as your mighty works
 Shall deck the face of nature; and on earth
 Woods rear their heads, and mountains kiss the skies.

Nor

Nor be his praise forgot, who worthy sung
 Your praises, DRYADS! in the seasons change;
 From the fair Spring with rosy-chaplet crown'd,
 To stern-brow'd Winter rough with frost, and storms,

O! say ye tender Nymphs! who bathe in bliss
 With FLORA, and POMONA, when the Spring
 Smiles first with infant beauty; or, when ripe
 In full-blown virgin charms, Summer appears
 Dress'd in her richest robe; to what retreats
 Safely you can retire, when BOREAS breaks
 Forth from his stormy cave? or, from above,
 Just risen from the ocean, his full urn
 Inverting, from the tempest-troubl'd sky
 ARCTURUS on the world his vengeance pours?
 Or passage to your subterraneous caves,
 Cas'd all around in adamantine frost,
 Deaf to your pray'rs, the fullen Earth denies?

Ye

Ye pow'rs! who ride the whirlwind, and direct
 The thunder-bolt of vengeance where to fall,
 The clouds your chariot, and your wings the winds;
 In mercy to a trembling world suspend
 Your dreadful judgments: And, your wrath appeas'd,
 Appease the storm, and speak it into peace.
 Then you, ye DRYADS! in your several tasks
 May fearlessly engage: and we may range,
 The Heav'ns propitious, thro' your woodland walks,
 Partake your rural joys, and chaunt your praise.

Yet one strain more, ye DRYADS! then my reed
 Silent I'll hang upon yon ivy-bough
 That twines its tender arms around that oak.
 Then, Nymphs! no longer I'll detain your ear,
 And keep you list'ning to my humble strain;
 But to your works dismiss you: or to tend
 The youthful saplings, or with care to guard
 The tender buds from mildew, or direct
 The stately oaks to rise, and shade the plain.

H

Sweet

Sweet haunts of Meditation, silent groves,
 Hail! to your sacred shades. This secret bow'r
 Well pleas'd I enter; with devotion due,
 Invoke the Genius of the Woods, and give
 This hour to Wisdom, DRYADS! and to you.
 How often have you heard, in mortal voice,
 Whilst roving in the academic grove,
 Wisdom herself her solemn lessons teach,
 While PLATO the divine the depths explor'd
 Of Truth eternal! and thro' countless forms
 Of various being rising in the scale,
 Sought the supreme of good, the perfect fair:
 And trac'd it up to MIND, the SOV'REIGN MIND,
 Involving in itself the only good;
 Perfect, supreme, consummate, endless good.

When shall these days return? and when again
 Another SOCRATES, or PLATO rise,
 To bless the sons of men with heav'nly lore?
 And open wisdom's fountain, where the soul

May

May drink delicious, purifying draughts,
 To cleanse it from pollutions of the world?
 From this let me withdraw; and converse hold
 With those illumin'd spirits, who, above
 The gross of sense, and all sublunar things,
 Saw, with purg'd eye, celestial Wisdom's form;
 And seeing, did adore her: and inspir'd
 Her sacred influence, energy divine,
 Sublimity of thought, and god-like aim.

Ambitious of your lessons, lo! I come,
 Ye Sons of Wisdom! worship at your shrine;
 In lowly reverence worship, and adore.
 I seek amidst the shades eternal truth:
 And, tho' I follow with unequal steps,
 Your path I tread, and seek the good, and fair:
 The fair in nature, action, and in thought;
 And form my relish to your sacred lore.

O! Wisdom!

O! Wisdom! Daughter, and first-form'd of Jove,
 The chosen bright allest of his throne,
 Burst from yon cloud! and, bending o'er my head,
 Let fall thereon more than Castalian dews:
 That I to my compeers may yet unfold,
 More of celestial harmony; and teach,
 What in the shades of ACADEMUS taught
 Sages of Greece, and charm'd a list'ning world.

F I N I S.



